MARRIAGE:

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A

POETICAL ESSAY.

By *ROBERT SHIELLS.*

——————— I now ſee
Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, my ſelf
Before me: Woman is her Name; of Man
Extracted; for this Cauſe he ſhall forego
Father, and Mother, and t'his Wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one Fleſh, one Heart, one Soul.

MILTON.

LONDON:

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, at the *Dunciad*, in *Ludgate-Street.* 1748.

(Price, One Shilling and Sixpence.)

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A

POETICAL ESSAY.

By ROBERT SMELLIE.

I mean for me
Dame of my Dame, Help of my Help, my Self
Before me: Woman is her Name; of Man
Extracted; for this Cause he shall forego
Father, and Mother, and this Wife adhere;
Heart, one Soul.
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Printed for R. Griffiths, in Dunstable, in Bedfordshire.
Sur[illegible]9.

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MARRIAGE:

A Poetical ESSAY.

HEarſe, my Muſe, the ſolemn Rites of Love,
The holy Tie, which binds the longing Pair.
To fond Indulgence.—Virtue's dread Reſtraints
Deter no more.—All hail connubial Sweets!
Come Nature's ſelf, and bleſs the lovely Pair.

Scarce fifteen Summers ſteal upon the Nerves
Of the faſt growing Youth, 'till eager he,
And ſportive 'midſt the Maids, with kindling Heart,
Forbears nor Glance, nor Touch; now all his Soul
Dilates with Love, while oft the raging Flame
Preys on his Midnight Hours, his Slumber haunts,
And drowns him 'midſt a fairy Sea of Dreams.

Anon, the reſtleſs Youth, whoſe turgid Breaſt
Throbs oft a languid Sigh, of Paſſions he
The wanton Sport, purſues the Wilds of Life:
At Ball, or Play, diverts a lonelome Hour,
While Love, reſiſtleſs in his Boſom reigns,
And, captive, leads him by a blind Impulſe.

While now the Virgin rears her ſprightly Form
Amidſt the Blooms of Youth, while in the Dawn
Of rip'ning Beauties, ſhe, ſeverely too,

Oft feels the throbbing Pain; the fondling Wiſh
Springs in her Breaſt, and thro' her ebbing Veins
Creeps, tingling. Oft ſhe heaves a wiſhful Sigh,
With languid Glance; her Eyes, profuſe of Love,
Teeming with Fate, to the adoring Crowd
Look ogling round, while on her Damaſk Cheek
Love palely ſits, and all the latent Flame
Dwells ſparkling in her Eyes, and breaks, to Day.
What art thou, Love, thus to uſurp the Pow'r,
[illegible]ov'reign Sway o'er Man, and in the Soul
[illegible]wleſs reign: Can Reaſon not ſuppreſs
[illegible]lame? Can Reaſon not
Reſiſt thy Chains, and nobly ſtill maintain
Her Empire in the Soul! No: Reaſon flies
From thy o'er-pow'ring Face, ſhe ſhuns the Strife,
While thou, exulting, revel'ſt in the Heart.

By Nature thus, the coaleſcent Flame
Grows, quick'ning with our Years; by high Decree
The rankling Paſſion reigns: The human Kind
Are form'd for mutual Love, and ſtrong enjoin'd
To fill the ſpacious Earth; while from their Loins
Their Image ſprings, and to remoteſt Time,
Faithful, tranſmits the human Face divine.
But ſay, ye roving Race, while now ye roam
The Slaves of Pleaſure, all ye Sons of Sport,
Rehearſe the ſolemn Truth; Are not your S[illegible]
High-fated? Say, Has not Indulgence now
Forgot it's Reliſh? How obtuſe [illegible]
Of Midnight Revel! More ſerene Delight
Preſents your Fancy: Man was made for Bliſs;
And Bliſs, as far as *Eaſt*'s from diſtant *Weſt*,
Flies from the Courts of Vice: Bliſs never dwells

Where

Where Virtue reigns not. Where the lovely Grace
Of Temperance ſerene does never ſhew
Her peaceful Face, there Bliſs can ne'er approach;
But Wings her Way to dwell in chaſter Soils,
The ſpotleſs Manſions of a guiltleſs Heart.

Wou'dſt thou, my Son, obedient to the Voice
Of God and Nature, join thy feeble Aid
To ſwell the humane Race, to coming Times
Tranſmit thy faithful Name, and ſerve the State
With hopeful Members, who in Time may form
Her after Figure; laſh her daring Foes,
[illegible] their Blood for Liberty divine.

Say; wou'dſt thou thus perpetuate thy Name,
All virtuous as thou art, go taſte the Sweets
Of happy *Wedlock*, court the Virgin Fair
With ev'ry Charm adorn'd, and nobly dreſs'd

In

In Maiden Graces: Now diſplay the Force
Of vig'rous Manhood, now may *Hymen*'s ſelf
Watch o'er his Rites, his azure Mantle ſpread,
And high perfuming bleſs the *Genial Feaſt*.
O! thou *Supreme of Minds!* propitious grant
A correſponding Fair, whoſe ſoftning Heart
May ſhare my Woes; if rigid frowning Fate
Bears down my tow'ring Hopes of riſing high,
Learns me the Yoke, and baffles airy Views,
May ſhe, my other ſelf, with tender Soul,
Commiſerate my Ill, and ſweetly pour
Her Conſolations in my turbid Breaſt.
Or if propitious Fortune (pleaſing Hope)
Shall deign to ſmile, and with her gracious Nod
Bid me be Great, bid laughing Plenty come,
Dreſs'd in her purpled Robes, to crown my Toil,

And

And bid my Cup o'erflow; while all the Train
Of Wealth and Honours, with progreſſive Pace,
Come lovely ſmiling to bewreath my Brow.
May ſhe, my Fair, be courteous 'midſt Succeſs,
And kindly free, with lib'ral Hand diffuſe
Her Bleſſings round, while Prudence ſets the Bounds
To wild Profuſion; may her gen'rous Soul
Be train'd to Greatneſs, Virtues which become
The ſofter Sex; may ſhe, in high Degree,
Poſſeſs 'em all; may lovely Sweetneſs ſtill
Smile on her Brow, her Brow which knows no Frown,
[redacted] Air; but chief', may ſhe
In Modeſty excel, that nobleſt Grace
Which female Nature knows. O! may ſhe too
Prolific prove, that from our mutual Sweets
A

A ſmiling Race may ſpring, Remembrance dear
Of Midnight Pleaſures, and the Hours of Love.
Nor thou, fair Virgin, ſhun the ſacred Bond
Of holy Wedlock, nor impetuous fly
From *Damon*'s Love; attend to Nature's Voice,
She loudly calls, and bids thee ſweetly taſte
The conjugal Embrace. Let cloiſter'd Maids,
Abſtemious, dream of Heav'n; deny'd the Sweets
Of *happy Wedlock*, pine their Days away
Strangers to Bliſs; yet thou, my rip'ning Fair,
Form'd for the ſweet Embrace, ſhalt ne'er betray
The Cauſe of Nature: Who would [illegible]
The Name of *Mother*, for the dream'd Rewards
Of whining Hypocrites, who break the Law
At firſt promulg'd to Man? How dear's the Taſk,
To rear the infant Growth, while round your Knees

The

The plaintive Off-ſpring, all endearing, come
Emulous to pleaſe you; while th'engaging Smile
Of Innocence ſerene upon their Brow
Reflects your Image! Think, ye virgin Train,
Think on the Honours of a Mother's Name.

But ne'er, my Daughter, ſtain thy maiden Heart
With Vows fallacious. Is young *Damon*'s Soul
Subdu'd by thine, and to thy conq'ring Charms
Reſigns it's Freedom: Soon reſolve his Pain.
Say; does thy Soul, high ſympathiſing, feel
The ardent Flame: Confeſs it; hide not Truth:
Or if [redacted] tell the cruel Tale;
Why thus protract his Woe, while dire Suſpence
Preys on his Vitals: But divine's the Grace
Of maiden Mercy! Can the Fair One's Heart
Unthaw'd remain, amidſt diſſolving Sighs?

Of plaintive Love? Say; Wilt thou not beſtow
One favouring Glance, and quicken up to Life
The fainting Slave? Yes: Mercy ſtill adorns
The virgin Boſom, nor ſhall horrid Hate
Contaminate her Soul; Compaſſion ſtill
Shall breathe all piteous in her yielding Heart.
Nor ye, the Parents, with commanding Nod,
Forbid the Match: O! think, when youthful Blood
Ran thro' your turgid Veins, how ſtrong ye felt
The direful Throbbings of retarded Bliſs!
Yourſelves have taſted Love, and Age cannot
Forget the Days of Youth: [redacted]
On that impatient State, and ſay, ye Sires,
Say, can your rigid Awe forbid the Pair
To taſte connubial Bliſs? Can cruel Awe
Diſſolve the Ties of Love, or fordid Gain

Retard

Retard the nuptial Bed? O! Cuſtom vile!
Which traffics Hearts, and ſtains the ſacred Rites
With grov'ling Views. How oft does Merit ſtand
Neglected all! and ſhe, her Sex's Pride,
The wond'rous Fair, of each bewitching Grace
And ev'ry Charm poſſeſs'd! how oft does ſhe
Drag on a Maiden Life, who might have grac'd
Young *Damon*'s Arms, and ſpent her Prime of Days
In Toil prolific? Now behold her Cheek
Livid and pale, while Age comes ſtealing on,
Full-arm'd, with Wrinkles blaſting all her Charms,
And, piteous to relate, ſhe dies a Maid.

Ye Sons of Love attend the Maiden's Sighs,
Whoſe Merit loudly ſpeaks; whoſe Charms alone,
All unaſſiſted with the Aids of Wealth,
May well attract your Hearts. Behold! ſhe comes

Dreſs'd in her Virgin Grace, nor boaſts ſhe ought
But Innocence and Love; and ſhall not ſhe
Engage your Smiles, and in your eager Arms
Find ſweet Receſs? all lovely Virgin, hail!
Thou'rt all-ſufficient to o'ercome my Soul,
And warm it into Love; come to my Arms,
All graceful as thou art; behold in me
Thy fondling Huſband, that indulgent Flame
Which Time, nor Age, nor all their Train of Woes
Shall e'er extinguiſh; view me all thy own;
Come, welcome, *Celia*, and aſſert thy Right.
But ever wretched is th'ill fated Pair,
Conjoin'd by ſolemn Tie, if nought but Awe
Prompted th'unſeemly Match; if aged He
Preſſes the Boſom of a youthful Fair.

Le

Let Youth meet Youth; for, ah! it ill becomes
The lovely Virgin in the Dawn of Life,
Dreſs'd out in Nature's Bloom, to fill the Arms
Of one juſt ſtooping on the Verge of Time.
She, ſanguine, ſhe, with youthful Ardor fir'd,
Is loſt to Bliſs; for he, ſubdu'd by Time,
Not in one Summer, weilds his aged Limbs
Jejun'd and dry, while her luxuriant Breaſts
Demand a firmer Preſs; her longing Soul
In 'midſt of Wiſhes, yet remains unbleſs'd,
And ſtill a Stranger to connubial Joy.
Oft roams her Mind on thoſe inraptur'd Pairs,
Whom Youth and Love have join'd: She curſes oft
Her luckleſs Stars, whoſe unauſpicious Sway
Has doom'd her to drag on a living Death.
But,

But, lo! the Bride, whoſe kindling Boſom now
Leaps with approaching Bliſs, in wavy Show,
Comes glitt'ring all along; her ſhining Hair
Flows o'er her Back in wanton Ringlets ſpread;
The ſtudded Gems her Iv'ry Fingers grace,
And ſparkle forth their Blaze; her floating Robe
Sweeps gorgeous; all the Drap'ry of Dreſs
Bedecks the Fair, while from her ſparkling Eyes
She darts connubial Love: Now to her Breaſt
Young *Damon* flies, and pours the melting Kiſs.

But firſt, ye longing Pair, receive the Seal
Of ſacred Wedlock; let the ſolemn Words,
Spoke by a *holy Sire*, conjoin your Hands,
Nor ruſh impetuous on the wedded State:
Dread is the Tie which Death alone diſſolves,
And, awful, binds you to perpetual Vows.

Behold

Behold the Change! the Huſband now no more
Muſt roam at random, now a Wife's his Care,
His ſacred Care, and claims him all her own.
A *Wife!* thrice happy Name, who wou'd not taſte
The Pleaſures thou can'ſt give; who wou'd forego
The wedded Sweets, for that pretended Mirth
Which vagrant Revel knows? Ye Sons of Sport,
Say; Can ye taſte of that ſerene Delight?
Ye Sons of Midnight, Can unruffl'd Peace
Poſſeſs your Boſoms, while you vary on
In ſinful Circles, oft repaid with Woe?
Behold! the Man who turns the fertile Soil,
And tears the arid Earth, ſurmounts you far
In Bliſs ſerene: He, whiſtling peaceful on
Behind the Plough, breaks the cohesive Clod,
And penetrates the Glebe, till duſky Eve

Ends

Ends his diurnal Toil, and bids him haſte
To friendly Reſt: Then homeward ſtrait repairs
With chearful Look; and now his tender Wife
Preſents her homely Fare, nor needs there Sauce
To ſtimulate the Taſte, for Hunger fell,
More poignant than Ragoût of dainty Sort,
Provokes 'em on. Thus cheriſh'd and ſerene
They yield to Reſt, and in a chaſte Embrace
Renew the Feaſt of Love, till balmy Sleep
Spreads o'er their weary'd Limbs, and ſeals their Eyes
To kind Repoſe; unturbid thus they reſt
Till Dawn of Day invites 'em up to Toil.
Thus ſpends the rural Swain his peaceful Days,
Stranger to Pain, nor knows the direful Ill
Of ulcer'd Sores, nor the foul tainted Bones,

Thoſe

Thoſe Heirs of Folly; he ſerenely taſtes
The genial Sweets, without the Fall to Woe.
A *Wife!* thrice happy Name! when oft the Spouſe
On keen Purſuits goes roaming far abroad,
And oft-times feels Diſtreſs, Repinings fell
Tearing his Vitals; ſee his tender Wife
Pours Comfort forth, to ſooth his ailing Heart,
And ſmiles his Pain away; around his Neck
She claſps her eager Arms, while all her Soul
Partakes his Pain, and on her lovely ſelf
Invokes his After-Woe. Say; Can ye boaſt,
Ye Sons of Revel, can ye boaſt a Friend
So ſweet as this; a Friend, ſo nobly ſweet,
To bear your Evils, and to ſhare your Bliſs?
But, lo! the Moment, big with perfect Joy,
Comes haſt'ning on; Love's Conſummation comes!

May *Hymen*'s ſelf light up the bridal Torch,
And lead the Pair thro' all the Wilds of Love.
Nor thou, my Son, ruſh to the genial Bed
With brutal Speed; behold the grov'ling Race,
Puſh'd on by Inſtinct, and with Senſe acute,
More permanent than thine, can highly feel
The low Delight: To feel, is all they know.
But Man, angelic, with a grateful Heart,
Can praiſe his bounteous Lord, implore his Aid,
And own him Source of ev'ry Bliſs below.
O thou *Supreme of Minds!* whoſe gracious Hand
Hath train'd me up to Man, thro' ſlipp'ry Paths
Convey'd me ſafe, while oft impending Fate
Threatn'd my Head, amidſt the Snares of Youth!
Can I forget thy all-preſerving Arms
Beneath me ſtretch'd; ſhall not my Heart o'erflow

With

With Gratitude divine, for all the Goods
Of ſmiling Fortune; ſhall this Gift of thine,
This recent Bleſſing of thy bounteous Hand,
Refuſe it's Praiſe to Thee? Awake, my *Fair*,
Join in the grateful Hymn; with Rapture hail
The Lord of Nature, and the Source of all.

Vouchſafe thy Aid, thou *all pervading Mind*,
To grope thro' vary'd Life. Behold the World
Before us plac'd (this Labyrinth of Time;)
And we, unpractis'd in it's ſnaring Arts,
Muſt fall it's eaſy Prey, unleſs thy Hand
Deign [illegible]ous, to direct our wand'ring Steps.
O pou[illegible] Bleſſings on the Nuptial Bed!
Succeſs a[illegible]d the Toils of wedded Life,
And crow[illegible]ur Labours with thy gracious Boon.

It comes! high Conſummation, ſmiling, comes
With all it's Train of Bliſs! Young *Damon* now,
Graſping his willing Bride, with glowing Heart
Leads her, warm bluſhing, to the Nuptial Couch.
Here ſtop, my lab'ring Muſe; for Nature's ſelf,
All unaſſiſted, ſtimulates the Pair
To conjugal Careſs: She points the Road
Herſelf hath travers'd oft; ſhe leads 'em on,
Thro' all the Labyrinths of keeneſt Love.
Now lab'ring Sighs from both their panting Breaſts
With Murmur Break, and each with flutt'ring Heart,
With trembl'ing Limbs, and Face o[illegible]ow,
Sinks in the blended Bliſs; while *Da*[illegible]w
Emits his Plaſtic Store, Senſation high[illegible]
Tumultuates the Pair, and *ſhe*, o'er[illegible],
In high Reſponſion throbs her wiſhful Sighs.

But

But thou, my Son, forbear impetuous Love;
The Rite is ſacred: Reaſon ſtill muſt reign
The Miſtreſs of thy Will; nor dare defile
The ſacred Bed; nor ſpend thy Prime of Strength
In wanton Revel, palling all the Soul.

Let Friendſhip now (for Paſſion laſts not long)
Succeed theſe Hours of Mirth: A Wife's a Friend,
O let her ſhare your Heart, and in her Breaſt
Pour forth your ſecret Soul! Divine's the Bliſs
Which heav'nly Friendſhip brings; 'tis all divine,
Laſting with Nature, and with coming Years,
Grows gradual on thro' all the Scenes of Life.

'Tis done! the fated Pair, with languid Sigh,
Stretch out their wearied Limbs, thoſe Limbs which late
They ſprighty wielded in the mingling Joy.

Such

Such, ſenſual Pleaſure! is thy dire Reſult.
Amidſt Fruition how thou dieſt away,
And leav'ſt a ſad'ning Sting. Come, mental Sweets,
Be ye my Portion; ye can fill my Soul
With Pleaſures ever new; can chear my Heart
With ceaſeleſs Bliſs, and, in my glowing Breaſt,
Pour an eternal Balm; while nobleſt Joy
Triumphant reigns, thro' all the Pow'rs of Thought.

But, lo! in ſoothing Reſt the languid Pair
Sink pleaſing down, inclos'd in mutual Graſp:
While on her ſnowy Boſom ſoftly he
Reclines his happy Head. Ye, lovely Pair,
Sleep gently on; may no diſtracting Dreams
Invade your Slumbers; O! may pleaſing Calm
For ever fill your Breaſts; propitious Fate,
Down on your Heads, it's vary'd Bleſſings ſhow'r,

And

And make the Smiles of Fortune all your own.
O, may ye love, and ſpend your Strength of Days
In virtuous Deeds; may never Diſcord dare
To ruffle ſofteſt Bliſs, nor jarring Feud
Moleſt your happy Hours; but chief of all,
May jealous Tortures never dare t'invade
The Seats of Paſſion, nor diſtract the Heart,
Amidſt it's Breathings of perpetual Love.
O! ſad Eclipſe of Bliſs! ſhould jealous Pangs
Invade your Hours of Reſt, your wedded Ties
Confirm the living Hell: While Torments dire
Flame ſtrong within, and rack your tortur'd Breaſts.
Thrice painful Change! inſtead of conſtant Calm,
And one encircling Spring, behold the Blaſts
Of ruffian Winter, with his gloomy Train,
Direful, ſucceed; and, tearing all the Soul,

Inflame

Inflame the Furies of a jealous Heart.
O, may ſuch Tortures never dwell with you,
But nuptial Love, and one eternal Calm.

But, lo! the Morning, from the roſy *Eaſt*,
Looks joyous out, and Day with bright'ning Foot
Comes ſtealing on, to 'wake the ſlumb'ring Pow'rs
Of Induſtry; awake, ye lovely Pair,
Increaſing Day invites you up to Toil,
And calls you to partake the Cares of Life.

In vain's the Dream of Eaſe, this Stage of Time
Was never form'd for Sloth; this paſſing Scene
Loud ſummons all your Pow'rs to manly Work,
The gen'rous Labours of a virtuous Life.

Nor think the Days of Youth muſt ſtill remain,
When wanton Frolic revel'd in the Heart,
And bore the Soul away; now eager Cares

Muſt ſwell your Boſoms; now farewel ye Scenes
Of airy Paſtime, Midnight Maſquerade
And Ball, and Play, and all ye ſhowy Modes,
Ye fairy Trifles, now a long Farewell.

Behold another Scene, greatly replete
With Cares of diff'rent Sort; behold the World,
This earthy Stage, on which we Mortals act,
Wide op'ning to the View; now muſt we play
Our ſolemn Parts, before the thronging Crowd
Of gazing Millions; now muſt act for Life,
With Expectation big, and ſoaring hope
Of thoſe Rewards which he, who judgeth all,
Hath kept in lib'ral Store to crown the Juſt.

O! guide our Steps, thou *all-preſerving Mind*,
Thro' Nature's ſhifting Scenes: O! may we ſtill,
Unſtain'd with Evil, play our vary'd Parts,

And with thy Plaudit quit this tranſient Stage.

And thou, my Son, exert thy ev'ry Pow'r
To pleaſe thy ſmiling Wife; nor from her ſtray
With vagrant Foot: If e'er the hateful Wiſh
Springs in thy Soul, fly from it's wild Attack:
Fly to the Boſom of thy faithful Wife,
And, ſinleſs, there partake the Rites of Love.

'Tis not, as when high boiling Blood inflam'd
Thy wanton Heart; for Nature then was ſtrong,
And thou unbound by the connubial Oath,
All-uncontroul'd purſu'd the Sports of Night.
But now a Wife can grace your eager Arms,
She proffers all herſelf, O! to her fly,
Nor wrong her high Prerogative, her Bed.

But, lo! the Time comes on, when you, fair Spouſe,
Muſt taſte of Nature's Woe; the *dreaded* Hour

Comes

Comes haſt'ning on, when all the Pangs of Birth
Muſt rack your tortur'd Fleſh; th' Pris'ner, young,
Myſterious, rear'd, in the prolific Womb,
Breaks from his darkling Cell, and courts the Day!
But dread it not, your Cauſe is Nature's own,
And Nature's ſelf ſhall finiſh ſoon your Woe.
Or if decreed by all-reſiſtleſs Fate,
To ſpend your Breath amidſt the painful Pangs
Of ſtruggling Birth, your Cauſe is that of Heav'n,
You die the Martyr of the humane Race.
Behold th'Effects of that ill-govern'd Love,
And Thirſt of Greatneſs, ----------
When to the fatal Bait *unwary* EVE
Forth ſtretch'd her Hand in an ill-fated Hour.
Behold! on her denounc'd the Woes of Birth,
And the fair Daughters of her fruitful Womb

Share in the dreadful Curſe: But, lo! a Son
Rewards your painful Toil, a living Child,
Forlorn and helpleſs, calls your Bowels forth,
And bids the *Mother* waken in the Soul.

Speak ye who oft have felt, ye honour'd Train,
The direful Shocks of Birth; have not your Souls,
Warm'd with maternal Love, been oft repaid
By the fond Glowings of a Mother's Breaſt?

How dear's the Taſk to cheriſh infant Life,
And rear the tender Mind, while, helpleſs, they
Hang on your Breaſts, and, from the ſnowy Founts
Suck in their milky Food; their virgin Hearts,
As yet untainted with a ſinful Wiſh,
Enraptur'd, flut'ring at their Mother's Name!

How wond'rous are thy Works, PARENT of ALL!
Myſterious they beyond the humane Ken!

Lo!

How haſt thou form'd us in the dark Abodes
Of Nature's Womb, and wrought us into Shape!
The crude Conception, by thy moulding Hand,
Grows gradual into Bulk; the wid'ning Womb
Drinks in the glowing Tide; th'Embryo now
Aſſumes it's Shape, and Members, cloath'd with Skin,
And arm'd with ſinewy Fence, while in it's Breaſt
Thou pour'ſt the vital Lamp. Ye ſuckling Babes,
As ſoon as Reaſon dawns, and in your Souls
The form'd Ideas ſhoot, exalt 'em high,
In grateful Praiſe to Him, whoſe Voice divine,
Hath call'd you up to Life; hath form'd you thus,
And pour'd Exiſtence on your conſcious Minds.
Next, bleſs your Parents, whoſe indulgent Care
Hath led you gently thro' the tender Paths
Of helpleſs Childhood; direful was that Hour

When

When firſt you breath'd the Air! Can ye forget
Your filial Rev'rence, when, with duteous Heart,
You view your infant Life; when, but for them,
Your Nature ſoon had fail'd, and back recoil'd
Into Oblivion's Womb? Nor thou, the Sire,
Forget the ſolemn Charge which Nature gives,
To train the infant Mind; conduct the Steps,
Of theſe your Off-ſpring: Reaſon bids you rear
Their yet unripen'd Souls, and in their Breaſts
Pour all the moral Balm. If ſprightly Sons,
The Gifts of God, have from your nuptial Bed
Sprung num'rous, watch with unremitted Care
The Voice of Nature, how her vary'd Stores
Are cent'ring in their Souls: From hence deduce
Their firſt Propenſions, nor reſiſt the Stream
Of powerful Nature: Some in early Days

Diſplay

Diſplay the martial Taſte, by rearing oft
The mimic Standard; ſuch, *illuſtrious Youth*,
Was thy Delight when thou in infant Life,
Convok'd the *little Troops* to ſportive War.
Emblem of thoſe, which in the *Belgic* Plains
Thou ſince haſt train'd, to pant in Freedom's Cauſe,
And ſtem the Torrent of a Tyrant's Rage.

Some, by their grave Demeanor, ſeem the Sons,
The plodding Sons, of State; while greater ſome,
Profuſe of Speech, and Genius all immenſe,
Are born the *Stanhopes* of an After-Reign.
Others, in Nature's all-prolific Mould,
Form'd glorious to explore her vary'd Works,
To blaze her Wonders, and diſplay her Laws,
With Flight Æthereal, as on Angel's Wing.

Such

Such *Newton* was, and thou, reſplendent Sun
Of this endarken'd Earth, *M'Laurine*, thou
Waſt form'd to range thro' Nature's deep Receſs,
And light her Glories to the gazing Crowd.
Others, who ſoaring 'bove the empty Toys
Of this bewitching World, with Soul ſublime,
Anticipate on Earth the boundleſs Bliſs,
High ſtreaming, from the Source of Light and Day.
Be theſe the ſacred Sons who ſearch the Depths
Of Life internal, teach the erring World
Where Peace and Goodneſs dwell: But other Lays
Of Wit facetious, and of Soul ſublim'd,
To Wiſdom's tow'ring Height, on Fancy's Wings,
High-mounted, ſoar. Be theſe the lofty Bards,
Form'd by a matchleſs Art to melt the Soul,

At

At once to pleaſe and moralize Mankind.
Such *Milton* was: Poſſeſs'd of all the Wit
Which laviſh Nature grants; oft did he ſoar
With Wing celeſtial, and, thro' all the Tracts
Of vary'd Nature, led the wond'ring Mind
Sublimely on. Be that detracting Tongue
For ever ſilent, which, with ſpiteful Rage,
Wou'd fain dethrone the lawful Prince of Song,
And ſtrip the Lawrel* from his ſacred Brow.
Go; thus attentive to the ſolemn Voice
Of vary'd Nature, watch the early Dawn
Of [illegible] Reaſon: Fate perhaps decrees,
That, from your Loins, the Sons of Glory ſpring,
Their Country's Guardians and the Boaſt of Men.
Nor yet, my Son, neglect your Off-ſpring Fair,

* Alluding to a late impudent Attack on the Great *Milton.*

Their ſofter Natures claim your tender Hand,
To prune their growing Minds, and crop the Seeds
Of latent Pride; for oft the female Train,
Soaring above themſelves, with kindling Heart
Devotion pay to their own fancy'd Charms.

Go; now ye beauteous Off-ſpring, learn from her
Whoſe tender Bowels oft have earn'd to you,
Go learn the comely œconomic Arts,
And treaſure in your Souls her Precepts ſweet.
Attend her Voice; thro' all the Scenes of Life
She points your vary'd Way, and trains your Heart
To Virtue's Book: She bids you fly the Snares
Spread by the Sons of Love, who, roving, oft
Wou'd fain entrap your Hearts; but learn from her,
That Flight is Conqueſt in the Field of Love.

Nor

Nor does ſhe, awful, with contracted Brow,
Forbid the Sports of Youth, but wiſely points
A juſt Reſtraint from ev'ry wild Exceſs.
She bids you ſometimes in the mazy Dance,
All ſprightly move, or touch the ſtarting Strings
Of the ſymphoneous Lyre; but chief, ye Fair,
Attend, ſedate, her moralizing Tongue,
And learn Religion from her ſacred Lips.

Religion firſt, and beſt, the nobleſt Theme,
Which Nature knows; without thee all is Air.
In vain each winning Grace, or ſprightly Wit,
In vain are all things elſe. Who ne'er have felt
Thy Conſolations dart into the Soul,
Are Strangers ſtill to Bliſs. The turbid Breaſt
By thee is calm'd, whilſt in the ruffl'd Heart
Thou beam'ſt ſerene Delight; in ev'ry State,

Low with the vulgar Throng, and deep immers'd
Amidſt the Woes of Want, or lifted up
The Son of Fame and Pow'r, yet, heav'nly Flame!
Thy Light divine thro' all the ſhifting Scenes
Of fickle Fortune, ſtill thy ſacred Light
Before me blazes, to conduct my Steps
As thus I wander thro' the Maze of Life.

'Tis done; ye happy Pair, thus have ye ſpent
A Life-time crown'd with Bliſs, and high replete
With Deeds of glorious kind; now may ye quit
This mortal Stage amidſt the loud Applauſe
Of mournful Numbers, who, to coming Times,
Shall tell your Virtues; now your Souls, matur'd
For Bliſs eternal, ſcorn the Bounds of Clay,
And high aſpiring, court the Realms of Light.

And when grim Death, that King of Terrors, comes,
He comes undreaded; and ſinks you, peaceful, down
To ſilent Slumbers, till the Voice of God
Awakes you up to Life. Sublimely now
Ye mount, æthereal, to the mingling Blaze
Of everlaſting Day; where Death, and Sin,
Shall never dare t'approach; but all ſecure
Ye ſpend a whole ETERNITY in BLISS.

11 7 19

FINIS.